



Vol. XII.

Richmond, Va., April, 1884.

No. 4.

Organization of the Army of Tennessee, General Braxton Bragg, Confederate States Army, Commanding, at the Battle of Chickamauga. (a)

Compiled by the War-Records Office.

[Corrections earnestly solicited.]

RIGHT WING.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LEONIDAS POLK.

CHEATHAM'S DIVISION. (b)

Major-General B. F. Cheatham.

Escort.

Second Georgia Cavalry, Company G, Captain T. M. Merritt.

(a) Compiled from the reports when not otherwise indicated.

(b) Of Polk's corps.

Jackson's Brigade.

Brigadier-General John K. Jackson.

First Georgia (Confed.), Second Georgia battalion, Major J. C. Gordon.

Fifth Georgia, Colonel C. P. Daniel.

Second Georgia Battalion (S. S.), Major R. H. Whiteley.

Fifth Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel W. L. Sykes and Major J. B. Herring.

Eighth Mississippi, Colonel J. C. Wilkinson.

Maney's Brigade.

Brigadier-General George Maney.

First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee, Colonel H. R. Feild.

Fourth Tennessee (Prov. Army), Colonel J. A. McMurry, Lieutenant-Colonel R. N. Lewis, Major O. A. Bradshaw, and Captain J. Bostick.

Sixth and Ninth Tennessee, Colonel George C. Porter.

Twenty-fourth Tennessee battalion, (S. S.), Major Frank Maney.

Smith's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Preston Smith—Colonel A. J. Vaughan, Jr.

Eleventh Tennessee, Colonel G. W. Gordor.

Twelfth and Forty-seventh Tennessee, Colonel W. M. Watkins.

Thirteenth and Fifteenth Tennessee, Colonel A. J. Vaughan, Jr., and Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Pitman.

Twenty-ninth Tennessee, Colonel Horace Rice.

Dawson's Battalion (*c*) Sharpshooters, Major J. W. Dawson and Major William Green.

Wright's Brigade.

Brigadier General Marcus J. Wright.

Eighth Tennessee, Colonel John H. Anderson.

Sixteenth Tennessee, Colonel D. M. Donnell.

Twenty-eighth Tennessee, Colonel S. S. Stanton.

Thirty-eighth Tennessee and Murry's (Tenn.) Battalion, Colonel J. C. Carter.

Fifty-first and Fifty-second Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel John G. Hall.

(*c*) Composed of two companies from the Eleventh Tennessee, two from the Twelfth and Forty-seventh (consolidated), and one from the One Hundredth and Fifty-fourth Senior Tennessee.

Strahl's Brigade.

Brigadier-General O. F. Strahl.

Fourth and Fifth Tennessee, Colonel J. J. Lamb.

Nineteenth Tennessee, Colonel F. M. Walker.

Twenty-fourth Tennessee, Colonel J. A. Wilson.

Thirty-first Tennessee, Colonel E. E. Tansil.

Thirty-third Tennessee, — —.

Artillery.

Major Malanchton Smith.

Carnes's (Tennessee) Battery, Captain W. W. Carnes.

Scogin's (Georgia) Battery, Captain John Scogin.

Scott's (Tennessee) Battery, Lieutenants J. H. Marsh and A. T. Watson.

Smith's (Mississippi) Battery, Lieutenant William B. Turner.

Stanford's Battery, Captain T. J. Stanford.

HILL'S CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DANIEL H. HILL.

CLEBURNES'S DIVISION.

Major-General P. R. Cleburne.

Wood's Brigade.

Brigadier-General S. A. M. Wood.

Sixteenth Alabama, Major J. H. McGaughy and Captain F. A. Ashford.

Thirty-third Alabama, Colonel Samuel Adams.

Forty-fifth Alabama, Colonel E. B. Breedlove.

Eighteenth Alabama Battalion, Major J. H. Gibson and Colonel Samuel Adams.(a)

Thirty-second and Forty-fifth Mississippi, Colonel M. P. Lowrey.

Sharpshooters, Major A. T. Hawkins and Captain Daniel Coleman.

Polk's Brigade.

Brigadier-General L. E. Polk.

First Arkansas, Colonel J. W. Colquitt.

Third and Fifth Confederate, Colonel J. A. Smith.

Second Tennessee, Colonel W. D. Robison.

Thirty-fifth Tennessee, Colonel B. J. Hill.

Forty-eighth Tennessee, Colonel G. H. Nixon.

(a) Thirty third Alabama.

Deshler's Brigade.

Brigadier-General James Deshler—Colonel R. Q. Mills.

Nineteenth and Twenty-fourth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Hutchinson.

Sixth, Tenth, and Fifteenth^(a) Texas, Colonel R. Q. Mills and Lieutenant-Colonel T. Scott Anderson.

Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-fourth, and Twenty-fifth Texas,^(a) Colonel F. C. Wilkes, Lieutenant-Colonel John T. Coit, and Major W. A. Taylor.

Artillery.

Major T. R. Hotchkiss—Captain H. C. Semple.

Calvert's Battery, Lieutenant Thomas J. Key.

Douglas's Battery, Captain J. P. Douglas.

Semple's Battery, Captain H. C. Semple and Lieutenant R. W. Goldthwaite.

BRECKINRIDGE'S DIVISION.

Major-General John C. Breckinridge.

Helm's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Benjamin Hardin Helm—Colonel J. H. Lewis.

Forty-first Alabama, Colonel M. L. Stansel.

Second Kentucky, Colonel J. W. Hewitt and Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Moss.

Fourth Kentucky, Colonel Joseph P. Nuckols, Jr., and Major T. W. Thompson.

Sixth Kentucky, Colonel J. H. Lewis and Lieutenant-Colonel M. H. Cofer.

Ninth Kentucky, Colonel J. W. Caldwell and Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Wickliffe.

Adams's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Daniel W. Adams—Colonel R. L. Gibson.

Thirty-second Alabama, Major J. C. Kimbell.

Thirteenth and Twentieth Louisiana, Colonels R. L. Gibson and Leon von Zinken and Captain E. M. Dubroca.

Sixteenth and Twenty-fifth Louisiana, Colonel D. Gober.

Nineteenth Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Turner, Major L. Butler, and Captain H. A. Kennedy.

Fourteenth Louisiana Battalion, Major J. E. Austin.

^(a) Thirty-third Alabama.

^(b) Dismounted cavalry.

Stovall's Brigade.

Brigadier-General M. A. Stovall.

First and Third Florida, Colonel W. S. Dilworth.

Fourth Florida, Colonel W. L. L. Bowen.

Forty-seventh Georgia, Captains William S. Phillips and Joseph S. Cone.

Sixtieth North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Ray and Captain J. T. Weaver.

Artillery.

Major R. E. Graves.

Cobb's Battery, Captain Robert Cobb.

Mebane's Battery, Captain John W. Mebane.

Slocumb's Battery, Captain C. H. Slocumb.

RESERVE CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. T. WALKER.

WALKER'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General S. R. Gist.

Gist's Brigade.

Brigadier-General S. R. Gist.

Colonel P. H. Colquitt.

Lieutenant-Colonel L. Napier.

Forty-sixth Georgia, Colonel P. H. Colquitt and Major A. M. Speer.

Eighth Georgia Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel L. Napier.

Sixteenth South Carolina, (a) Colonel J. McCullough.

Twenty-fourth South Carolina, Colonel C. H. Stevens and Lieutenant-Colonel E. Capers.

Wilson's Brigade.

Colonel C. C. Wilson.

Twenty-fifth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Williams.

Twenty-ninth Georgia, Lieutenant G. R. McRae.

Thirtieth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Boynton.

First Georgia Battalion (S. S.), — — —.

Fourth Louisiana Battalion, — — —.

(a) Not engaged; at Rome.

Ector's Brigade.

Brigadier-General M. D. Ector.

Stone's Alabama Battalion.

Pound's Mississippi Battalion.

Twenty-ninth North Carolina.

Ninth Texas.

Tenth, Fourteenth and Thirty-Second Texas Cavalry. (b)

Artillery.

Ferguson's Battalion, (a) Lieutenant R. T. Beauregard.

Martin's Battery, ———.

LIDDELL'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General St. John R. Liddell.

Liddell's Brigade.

Colonel D. C. Govan.

Second and Fifteenth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel R. T. Harvey and Captain A. T. Meek.

Fifth and Thirteenth Arkansas, Colonel L. Featherston and Lieutenant Colonel John E. Murray.

Sixth and Seventh Arkansas, Colonel D. A. Gillespie and Lieutenant-Colonel P. Snyder.

Eighth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. Baucum and Major A. Watkins.

First Louisiana, Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. Baucum and Major A. Watkins.

Walthall's Brigade.

Brigadier-General E. C. Walthall.

Twenty-fourth Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel R. P. McKelvaine, Major W. C. Staples, and Captains B. F. Toomer and J. D. Smith.

Twenty-seventh Mississippi, Colonel James A. Campbell.

Twenty-ninth Mississippi, Colonel W. F. Brantly.

Thirtieth Mississippi, Colonel J. I. Scales, Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh A. Reynolds, and Major J. M. Johnson.

Thirty-fourth Mississippi, (c) Major W. G. Pegram, Captain H. J.

(b) Serving as infantry.

(a) Not engaged; at Rome.

(c) Thirty-fourth Mississippi had four commanders at Chickamauga.

Bowen, Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Reynolds,(d) and — — —.(?)

Artillery.

Captain Charles Swett.

Fowler's Battery, Captain W. H. Fowler.

Warren Light Artillery, Lieutenant H. Shannon.

LEFT WING.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

HINDMAN'S DIVISION.(a)

Major-General T. C. Hindman.

Brigadier-General J. Patton Anderson.

Anderson's Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. Patton Anderson.

Colonel J. H. Sharp.

Seventh Mississippi, Colonel W. H. Bishop.

Ninth Mississippi, Major T. H. Lynam.

Tenth Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel James Barr.

Forty-first Mississippi, Colonel W. F. Tucker.

Forty-fourth Mississippi, Colonel J. H. Sharp and Lieutenant-Colonel
R. G. Kelsey.

Ninth Mississippi Battalion (S. S.), Major W. C. Richards.

Garrity's Battery, Captain J. Garrity.

Deas's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Z. C. Deas.

Nineteenth Alabama, Colonel S. K. McSpadden.

Twenty-second Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel John Weedon and Cap-
tain H. T. Toulmin.

Twenty-fifth Alabama, Colonel George D. Johnston.

Thirty-ninth Alabama, Colonel W. Clark.

Fiftieth Alabama, Colonel J. G. Coltart.

Seventeenth Alabama Battalion (S. S.), Captain James F. Nabers.

Robertson's Battery, Lieutenant S. H. Dent.

(d) Thirtieth Mississippi.

(a) Of Polk's corps.

Manigault's Brigade.

Brigadier-General A. M. Manigault.

Twenty-fourth Alabama, Colonel N. N. Davis.

Twenty-eighth Alabama, Colonel John C. Reid.

Thirty-fourth Alabama, Major J. N. Slaughter.

Tenth and Nineteenth South Carolina, Colonel James F. Pressley.

Waters's Battery, Lieutenants Charles W. Watkins and George D. Turner.

BUCKNER'S CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIMON B. BUCKNER.

STEWART'S DIVISION.

Major-General Alexander P. Stewart.

Johnson's Brigade. (b)

Brigadier-General B. R. Johnson.

Colonel J. S. Fulton.

Seventeenth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel Watt W. Floyd.

Twenty-third Tennessee, Colonel R. H. Keeble.

Twenty-fifth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Snowden.

Forty-Fourth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. McEwen, Jr., and Major G. M. Crawford.

Bate's Brigade.

Brigadier-General W. B. Bate.

Fifty-eighth Alabama, Colonel Bushrod Jones.

Thirty-seventh Georgia, Colonel A. F. Rudler and Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. Smith.

Fourth Georgia Battalion (sharpshooters), Major T. D. Caswell, Captain B. M. Turner, and Lieutenant Joel Towers.

Fifteenth and Thirty-seventh Tennessee, Colonel R. C. Tyler, Lieutenant-Colonel R. D. Frayser, and Captain R. M. Tankesley.

Twentieth Tennessee, Colonel T. B. Smith and Major W. M. Shy.

Brown's Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. C. Brown.

Colonel Edmund C. Cook.

Eighteenth Tennessee, Colonel J. B. Palmer, Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Butler, and Captain Gideon H. Lowe.

(b) Part of Johnson's provisional division.

Twenty-sixth Tennessee, Colonel J. M. Lillard and Major R. M. Saffell.

Thirty-second Tennessee, Colonel E. C. Cook and Captain C. G. Tucker.

Forty-fifth Tennessee, Colonel A. Searcy.

Twenty-third Tennessee Battalion, Major T. W. Newman and Captain W. P. Simpson.

Clayton's Brigade.

Brigadier-General H. D. Clayton.

Eighteenth Alabama, Colonel J. T. Holtzclaw, Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Inge, and Major P. F. Hunley.

Thirty-sixth Alabama, Colonel L. T. Woodruff.

Thirty-eighth Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel A. R. Lankford.

Artillery.

Major J. W. Eldridge.

First Arkansas Battery, Captain J. T. Humphreys.

T. H. Dawson's Battery, Lieutenant R. W. Anderson.

Eufaula Artillery, Captain McD. Oliver.

Ninth Georgia Artillery Battalion, Company E, Lieutenant W. S. Everett.

PRESTON'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General William Preston.

Gracie's Brigade.

Brigadier General A. Gracie, Jr.

Forty-third Alabama, Colonel Y. M. Moody.

First Alabama Battalion, (b) Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Holt and Captain G. W. Huguley.

Second Alabama Battalion, (b) Lieutenant-Colonel B. Hall, Jr., and Captain W. D. Walden.

Third Alabama Battalion, (b) Major J. W. A. Sanford.

Fourth Alabama Battalion, (c) Major J. D. McLennan.

Sixty-third Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Fulkerson and Major John A. Aiken.

(b) Hilliard's Legion.

(c) Artillery Battalion, Hilliard's Legion.

Trigg's Brigade.

Colonel R. C. Trigg.

First Florida Cavalry, (a) Colonel G. T. Maxwell.

Sixth Florida, Colonel J. J. Finley.

Seventh Florida, Colonel R. Bullock.

Fifty-fourth Virginia, Lieutenant-Colonel John J. Wade.

Third Brigade.

Colonel J. H. Kelly.

Sixty-fifty Georgia, Colonel R. H. Moore.

Fifth Kentucky, Colonel H. Hawkins.

Fifty-eighth North Carolina, Colonel J. B. Palmer.

Sixty-third Virginia, Major J. M. French

Artillery Battalion.

Major A. Leyden.

Jeffress's Battery.

Peoples's Battery.

Wolihin's Battery.

York's Battery.

RESERVE CORPS ARTILLERY.

Major S. C. Williams.

Baxter's Battery.

Darden's Battery.

Kolb's Battery.

McCants's Battery.

JOHNSON'S DIVISION. (d)

Brigadier-General Bushrod R. Johnson.

Gregg's Brigade.

Brigadier-General John Gregg.

Colonel C. A. Sugg.

Third Tennessee, Colonel C. H. Walker.

Tenth Tennessee, Colonel William Grace.

Thirtieth Tennessee, — —.

(a) Dismounted.

(d) A provisional organization, embracing Johnson's and part of the time Robertson's brigades, as well as Gregg's and McNair's. September 19th attached to Longstreet's Corps, under Major-General Hood.

Forty-first Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. Tillman.

Fiftieth Tennessee, Colonel C. A. Sugg, Lieutenant-Colonel T. W.

Beaumont, Major C. W. Robertson, and Colonel C. H. Walker. (e)

First Tennessee Battalion, Majors S. H. Colms and C. W. Robertson. (f)

Seventh Texas, Major K. M. Vanzandt.

Bledsoe's (Mo.) Battery, Lieutenant R. L. Wood.

McNair's Brigade.

Brigadier-General E. McNair.

Colonel D. Coleman.

First Arkansas Mounted Rifles, Colonel Robert W. Harper.

Second Arkansas Mounted Rifles, Colonel James A. Williamson.

Twenty-fifth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel Eli Hufstедler.

Fourth and Thirty-first Arkansas Infantry and Fourth Arkansas Battalion (consolidated), Major J. A. Ross.

Thirty-ninth North Carolina, Colonel D. Coleman.

Culpeper's (S. C.) Battalion, Captain J. F. Culpeper.

LONGSTREET'S CORPS.(a)

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN B. HOOD.

M'LAWS' DIVISION.

Brigadier-General J. B. Kershaw.

Major-General Lafayette McLaws.

Kershaw's Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. B. Kershaw.

Second South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel F. Gaillard.

Third South Carolina, Colonel J. D. Nance.

Seventh South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel Elbert Bland, Major J. S. Hard, and Captain E. J. Goggans.

Eighth South Carolina, Colonel J. W. Henagan.

Fifteenth South Carolina, Colonel Joseph F. Gist.

Third South Carolina Battalion, Captain J. M. Townsend.

(e) Third Tennessee.

(f) Fiftieth Tennessee.

(a) Army of Northern Virginia. Organization taken from return of that army for August 31, 1863. Pickett's division was left in Virginia.

Wofford's Brigade.(a)

Brigadier-General W. T. Wofford.

Sixteenth Georgia.
Eighteenth Georgia.
Twenty-fourth Georgia.
Third Georgia Battalion (sharpshooters).
Cobb's (Georgia) Legion.
Phillips's (Georgia) Legion.

Humphreys's Brigade.

Brigadier-General B. G. Humphreys.

Thirteenth Mississippi.
Seventeenth Mississippi.
Eighteenth Mississippi.
Twenty-first Mississippi.

Bryan's Brigade.(b)

Brigadier-General Goode Bryan.

Tenth Georgia.
Fiftieth Georgia.
Fifty-first Georgia.
Fifty-third Georgia.

HOOD'S DIVISION.

Major-General John B. Hood.
Brigadier-General E. M. Law.

Jenkins's Brigade.(b)

Brigadier-General M. Jenkins.

First South Carolina.
Second South Carolina Rifles.
Fifth South Carolina.
Sixth South Carolina.
Hampton Legion.
Palmetto Sharpshooters.

(a) Longstreet's report indicates that these brigades did not arrive in time to take part in the battle.

(b) Did not arrive in time to take part in the battle. Jenkins's brigade assigned to the division September 11th, 1863.

Law's Brigade.

Brigadier-General E. M. Law—Colonel J. L. Sheffield.

Fourth Alabama.

Fifteenth Alabama, Colonel W. C. Oates.

Forty-fourth Alabama.

Forty-seventh Alabama.

Forty-eighth Alabama.

Robertson's Brigade. (d)

Brigadier-General J. B. Robertson—Colonel Van H. Manning.

Third Arkansas, Colonel Van H. Manning.

First Texas, Captain R. J. Harding.

Fourth Texas, Colonel John P. Bane and Captain R. H. Bassett.

Fifth Texas, Major J. C. Rogers and Captains J. S. Cleveland and
T. T. Clay.

Anderson's Brigade. (c)

Brigadier-General George T. Anderson.

Seventh Georgia.

Eighth Georgia.

Ninth Georgia.

Eleventh Georgia.

Fifty-ninth Georgia.

Benning's Brigade.

Brigadier-General H. L. Benning.

Second Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel William S. Shepherd and Major
W. W. Charlton.

Fifteenth Georgia, Colonel D. M. DuBose and Major P. J. Shannon.

Seventeenth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Matthews.

Twentieth Georgia, Colonel J. D. Waddell.

CORPS ARTILLERY. (c)

Colonel E. Porter Alexander.

Fickling's (South Carolina) Battery.

Jordan's (Virginia) Battery.

Moody's (Louisiana) Battery.

Parker's (Virginia) Battery.

Taylor's (Virginia) Battery.

Woolfolk's (Virginia) Battery.

(d) Served part of the time in Johnson's provisional division.

(c) Did not arrive in time to take part in the battle. Jenkins's brigade assigned to the division September 11, 1863.

RESERVE ARTILLERY ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

MAJOR FELIX H. ROBERTSON.

Barret's (Missouri) Battery.
Le Gardeur's (Louisiana) Battery.(a)
Havis's (Alabama) Battery.
Lumsden's (Alabama) Battery.
Massenburg's (Georgia) Battery.

CAVALRY.(b)

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.

WHARTON'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General John A. Wharton.

First Brigade.

Colonel C. C. Crews.

Seventh Alabama.
Second Georgia.
Third Georgia.
Fourth Georgia, Colonel I. W. Avery.

Second Brigade.

Colonel T. Harrison.

Third Confederate, Colonel W. N. Estes.
First Kentucky, Lieutenant Colonel J. W. Griffith.
Fourth Tennessee, Colonel Paul F. Anderson.
Eighth Texas.
Eleventh Texas.
White's (Georgia) Battery.

MARTIN'S DIVISION.

Brigadier-General W. T. Martin.

First Brigade.

Colonel J. T. Morgan.

First Alabama.
Third Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Mauldin.

(a) Not mentioned in the reports, but in Reserve Artillery August 31st, and Captain Le Gardeur, &c., relieved from duty in Army of Tennessee November 1st, 1863.

(b) From return of August 31st, 1863, and reports.

Fifty-First Alabama.
Eighth Confederate.

Second Brigade.

Colonel A. A. Russell.

Fourth Alabama.(c)
First Confederate, Colonel W. B. Wade.
Wiggins's (Arkansas) Battery.

RODDEY'S BRIGADE.

Brigadier-General P. D. Roddey.

Fourth Alabama,(c) Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Johnson.
Fifth Alabama.
Fifty-Third Alabama.
Forrest's (Tennessee) Regiment.
Ferrell's (Georgia) Battery.

FORREST'S CORPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

ARMSTRONG'S DIVISION.(a)

Brigadier-General F. C. Armstrong.

Armstrong's Brigade.

Colonel J. T. Wheeler.

Third Arkansas.
First Tennessee.
Eighteenth Tennessee Battalion, Major Charles McDonald.

Forrest's Brigade.

Colonel G. G. Dibrell.

Fourth Tennessee, Colonel W. S. McLemore.
Eighth Tennessee, Captain Hamilton McGinnis.
Ninth Tennessee, Colonel J. B. Biffle.
Tenth Tennessee, Colonel N. N. Cox.
Eleventh Tennessee, Colonel D. W. Holman.
Shaw's (or Hamilton's) Battalion(?), Major J. Shaw.

(c) Two regiments of the same designation. Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson commanded that in Roddey's brigade.

(a) From return for August 31st, 1863, and reports.

Freeman's (Tennessee) Battery, Captain A. L. Huggins.
Morton's (Tennessee) Battery, Captain John W. Morton.

PEGRAM'S DIVISION.(b)

Brigadier-General John Pegram.

Davidson's Brigade.

Brigadier-General H. B. Davidson.

First Georgia.
Sixth Georgia, Colonel John R. Hart.
Sixth North Carolina.
Rucker's Legion.
Huwald's (Tennessee) Battery.

Scott's Brigade.

Colonel J. S. Scott.

Tenth Confederate. Colonel C. T. Goode.
Detachment of Morgan's command, Lieutenant-Colonel R. M. Martin.
First Louisiana.
Second Tennessee.
Fifth Tennessee.
Twelfth Tennessee Battalion.
Sixteenth Tennessee Battalion, Captain J. Q. Arnold.
Louisiana Battery, (one section.)

Letters from Fort Sumter.

By Lieutenant IREDELL JONES, of First Regiment South Carolina Regulars.

FORT SUMTER, August 12th, 1883.

* * This morning the enemy opened on the Fort with a 200-pound Parrott gun and shelled us rapidly for about one hour and a half with, we all admit, the greatest accuracy, and also with considerable damage. A steamer at the wharf was almost torn to pieces by a single shot, which, entering at the bow, raked her fore and aft, penetrating the boiler and bursting the machinery into fragments, besides scalding several negroes severely. Another unlucky (or lucky, as you may be pleased to call it) shot, found its way to our

(b) Taken from Pegram's and Scott's reports and assignments, but the composition of this division is uncertain.

bake-house and tore up the bake-oven. Several others played the wild in the company quarters, but fortunately nobody has been hurt.

I went over to Battery Wagner yesterday evening, on duty. The enemy have extended their approaches to within six hundred yards of the Battery. Night before last, however, we used grape and canister on their most advanced work and drove them off, but I understand they worked considerably last night. They have now reached the extreme end of the sand hills, and the remaining portion of ground over which or through which they have to advance is a low, open, level plain, very much exposed to flank fire, and it will be many times more difficult for them to advance farther now than it has been for them to reach the position they already occupy. Our men on the Island are in fine spirits. They have learned to perfection that lovely art, familiarly known to all those who have had occasion to appreciate it, as the "art of dodging." The artillery remain in the Battery; the infantry support grabble holes in the sand hills this side, and then they sit all day long watching that hateful puff of smoke. When they see it, like prairie dogs, they pop down. When all is over, the hills are alive again, and the glorious Confederates who but just now mingled with pleasure with "fiddlers" and "sand crabs," now rise up to the dignity of their species and can be seen brushing their clothing and shaking sand out of their locks. At the Battery the men are in high spirits, always cracking jokes and laughing while the shelling is going on. They have watched the enemy's batteries so much until they know each gun and have a name for each. They have the utmost contempt for a Whitworth or Parrott shot, and pay no regard to them whatever; but I can tell you when they hear the words, "Look out, mortar!" you can see a long train of Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains, Lieutenants, privates, quartermasters, commissary and ordnance officers all walking as if they would like to go faster, into the bomb-proof. The enemy have some little mortars that shoot shrapnel shells, and with these they do a good deal of damage. The sharpshooters on both sides keep up a constant duel. Whenever a man shows his head over the parapet at the Battery, he is sure to get a shot at him. And they are constantly practicing all kinds of tricks, such as holding up their hats on sticks to be shot at, &c.

Evidently the object of the enemy is now to endeavor to take Wagner by gradual approaches, and ours seems to be to dispute every inch of ground. General Beauregard was here again yesterday evening. The enemy are far ahead of us in skill and energy.

In an open field fight I believe we can whip them with any sort of showing, but when you come to regular operations requiring engineering skill, we can't compare with them. But the want of energy in this department, on our side, has surely been unpardonable. But I have already said too much on this subject, and I forbear. I have always thought that it was no part of private citizens, much less of officers, to keep constantly abusing our Generals because they happen to be unsuccessful. It is easy to say how a thing should have been done after one of two ways has failed, and it too often happens that we are unacquainted with the circumstances. The truth is, we are too much influenced in our opinions by disappointed hopes.

I have no fears for Charleston. Nothing that I have seen induces me to entertain them. I cannot express to you the pride I feel in and the love I entertain for the old city, the glorious mother of freedom.

The work is going on in the fort very rapidly. All the casemates of the two sides facing the Island are filled up with cotton bales and sand, and the engineer is now engaged in building traverses on the Battery and putting up sand-bags on the outside of the gorge, or the side of the fort through which the old Sally-Port came. The base of the sand-bags, extending out from the wall, will be twenty-four feet, out to the edge of the wharf, and they can be built up entirely to the top of the parapet. All the important guns have been moved out of the fort, and their places filled with dummies, or sham-guns, of the Brooke's pattern. * * * *

It is now 9 o'clock P. M. I was unable to finish my letter this morning. The enemy opened on us again about 4 o'clock this evening with the same 200-pound Parrott, at a distance of three and a-half miles, and I venture to say the world never witnessed better shooting. It is a rare thing they miss the Fort. We have not replied to-day, owing to the Brooke gun being slightly out of order. To-morrow we will feel them a little. The casualties to-day were three men wounded, two severely, and young Rice, of the signal corps, who was in college with me, was knocked down by a brick-bat. The only damage done was one gun-carriage disabled and a dummy dismounted. * * * *

Ever yours, &c.,

IREDELL JONES.

The Story of the Arkansas.*By* GEORGE W. GIFT.

No. 3.

Our arrival at Vicksburg was hailed with delight by all the army. The officers came on board to see the marks of the struggle, whilst squads of eager privates collected on the bank to get a near view of the wonderful craft which had just stood so much hammering. This attracted a daring band of sharpshooters to the other bank, and we were forced to open with our heavy guns to disperse them, which was easily accomplished by half a dozen discharges. The enemy below showed decided signs of demoralization. A mortar-boat which had been allowed to get aground was hastily set on fire and blown up. A sea-going vessel (commanded by Craven), left to guard the transports, sprung her broadside athwart the stream to be ready for an attack. Everything got up steam and Porter's flag-boat opened with a hundred-pounder Parrott gun in a spiteful, angry fashion, throwing her shot over and beyond us. If we had had a smoke-stack, and proper boiler fronts, and good engines, and a new crew, and many other things, how we would have made a smash of those fellows! But as our smoke-stack was so riddled, the draft was destroyed, and as our engines were troublesome, faulty affairs, and our crew were nearly all killed, wounded, or used up, we had to bide where we were, and see this chance slip away from us. Read cast many longing glances down the river, and I think would have been perfectly willing to undertake the task, broken down as we were. But there is a limit to human endurance; we could do no more, and we rested. During the day the telegraph informed Captain Brown that he had been promoted to the rank of Commander, and we were thanked from Richmond for our brilliant achievement. Our dead were removed on shore for burial and our wounded were taken to an army hospital. As soon as we arrived at Vicksburg the detachment of soldiers left us to rejoin their command, which reduced our force to a very low ebb. As well as we could, we put the ship to rights, and the day wore away. As soon as dark began to set in it was evident that the enemy meant mischief.

Everything was under way, and soon the guns from the upper battery opened quick and sharp, to be replied to by the broadsides of the heavy ships coming down—the Richmond (Alden) leading. Our plucky men were again at their quarters, and steam was ready, should we be

compelled to cast off and take our chances in the stream against both fleets. About that time things looked pretty blue. It is true that we were under the batteries of Vicksburg, but practically we had as well have been a hundred miles from there. The guns were perched on the high hills; they were not provided with sights, and if ever they hit anything it was an accident or the work of one of Brooke's rifles.* This we well knew, and stripped this time for what we supposed would be a death struggle. The sea-going fleet of Farragut was to pass down, drag out and literally mob us; whilst the iron-clad squadron of Davis was to keep the batteries engaged. Down they came, steaming slowly and steadily, and seemed to be on the lookout for us. But they had miscalculated their time. The darkness which partially shrouded them from the view of the army gunners completely shut us out from their sight, inasmuch as our sides were the color of rust and we lay under a red bank; consequently, the first notice they had of our whereabouts came from our guns as they crossed our line of fire, and then it was too late to attempt to check up and undertake to grapple with us. They came by singly, each to get punished, as our men were again feeling in excellent spirits. The Hartford stood close in to the bank, and as we spit out our broadside at her, she thundered back with an immense salvo. Our bad luck had not left us. An eleven-inch shot pierced our side a few inches above the water-line, and passed through the engine-room, killing two men outright (cutting them both in two) and wounding six or eight others. The medicines of the ship were dashed into the engine-room, and the *débris* from the bulkheads and splinters from the side enveloped the machinery. The shot bedded itself so far in the opposite side that its position could be told by the bulging protuberance outside. On account of my disabled arm I had turned over my division to Scales, and remained with Captain Brown on the platform. To be a spectator of such a scene was intensely interesting and exciting. The great ships with their towering spars came sweeping by, pouring out broadside after broadside, whilst the batteries from the hills, the mortars from above and below, and the iron-clads, kept the air alive with hurtling missiles and the darkness lighted up by burning fuses and bursting shells. On our gun-deck every man and officer worked as though the fate of the nation hung on his individual efforts. Scales was very near, and I could hear his clear voice continually. He coaxed and bullied alternately, and

* Not then in position at Vicksburg.

finally, when he saw his object in line, his voice rose as clear as a bell, and his "ready! fire!" rang out like a bugle note. The last vessel which passed us was that commanded by Nichols ("Bricktop") and she got one of our shots in her out-board delivery. He pivoted his eleven inch gun to starboard, heeled his vessel to keep the leak above water, and drifted past the batteries without further damage.

We had more dead and wounded, another hole through our armor and heaps of splinters and rubbish. Three separate battles had been fought and we retired to anything but easy repose. One of our mess-mates in the ward-room (a pilot) had asserted at supper that he would not again pass through the ordeal of the morning for the whole world. His mangled body, collected in pieces was now on the gun-deck; another had been sent away to the hospital with a mortal hurt. The steerage mess was short four or five members, whilst on the berth deck many poor fellows would never again range themselves about the mess-cloth. However, amidst all this blood and damage this thought *would* come up: If there had been two or three more of us—or even our consort, which was burned on the stocks—what a difference there would have been. As sure as the sun rose on that bright July morning we would have captured every vessel opposed to us. Why were there not more? We will explain that before we get through. Our next battle occurred a week later.

The enemy now had a fleet above and below us, and though foiled and angry he made no immediate active effort to do us more harm, other than to shell us incessantly by day, and once by night, with mortar shells. Half a dozen or more thirteen inch mortars kept missiles continually in the air, directed at us. We were twice struck by fragments—otherwise the business was very harmless. Some days after our arrival a package of letters were received at General Van Dorn's headquarters, which had been taken from a captured steamer. Those from navy officers were sent down to us, and a number were selected and sent to the *Appeal*, then being published at Grenada. As the files are yet preserved I am able to lay them before my readers. A very long letter from the paymaster of the Richmond to his wife, described the attack of the Arkansas, and was unsparing on Farragut and Davis, accusing them of incapacity and negligence, remarking that Porter was the only man present who had brains as well as courage. I recollect the following letters well and can vouch for their being genuine:

"U. S. ST., RICHMOND, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, July 18, 1862.

My Dear Joe,—On the morning of the 15th of July, about 7 o'clock, we were suddenly aroused, and, in my case, awakened by the sharp clicks of the rattle. The first words I heard were, "the Rebel ram Arkansas is coming down upon us." Throwing on a few clothes I hastened on deck to ascertain the state of things. Around us lay the combined power of Farragut's and Davis's fleets. Frigates, gunboats, iron-plated boats, wooden rams and iron-cased rams were anchored along the banks for a mile and a-half. And slowly steaming along the hollow of the bend in the river, just above us, was a long, low, dull, red, floating object. She showed neither flag, [mistake], nor sign of life. A couple of gunboats were anchored ahead of us, but being the first of the large ships, we all supposed we would be the first object of attack. Her course also seemed to indicate it. Two (one) of our gunboats now fired. The Arkansas answered, taking off one man's head and wounding three others. I saw her pass the gunboats. I looked for some vessel moving to attack her. Not one stirred; only one man had steam up on his vessel. We believe he could have sunk her, (bosh!) yet he did not move a finger, because he "didn't receive orders." Slowly, steadily, gallantly, the Rebel ram kept on her way, as though she belonged to us and was quietly choosing an anchorage. She was now approaching us, and, as all the rest of the crew had been at their quarters some time, I was obliged to go to mine. I sat down and "coolly" awaited the blow I knew must sink us. In a few minutes our guns were fired in quick succession. I waited, but no crash followed. I went on deck and saw the ram slowly floating below uninjured. Our solid wrought-iron shot had been shattered to pieces against her sides. (He did not know as much about that as we did.) The Benton, Hartford and gunboats below poured a perfect shower of balls upon her. But she was adamant. (He was frightened.) It did not even hasten her speed, and proudly she turned a point, disappeared from sight and anchored under the batteries at Vicksburg. I doubt whether such a feat was ever before accomplished, and whoever commanded her should be known and honored. (This from the enemy.) The morning she came out, the Carondelet, a gunboat (Tyler) and a ram (Queen of the West) went up the river to reconnoiter. They suddenly met the Arkansas; one was driven ashore (what says Mr. Walke?) and the others forced to retreat down the river with heavy

loss; and it was with mingled curses and admiration we saw her come chasing them down the river. * * * *

JOHNNIE."

ANOTHER.

"The great rebel iron-clad Arkansas came down the river on the morning of the 15th and passed the whole fleet, and is now under the batteries at Vicksburg. * * We were the head ship except the hospital boat and river steamers. One of Davis's rams came around our stern to give her a butt as she passed (she was called the Lancaster), but unfortunately a shot from the rebel entered the Lancaster's boiler, and such a sight I never saw before. Not ten yards from our ship the scalded wretches threw themselves into the water. Some of them never rose to the surface again. I turned around and there was the Arkansas coming down very leisurely, when we let fly a broadside of fourteen guns loaded with solid shot, each weighing 110 pounds. For an instant we could not see anything but smoke. The next instant I looked again, and she had passed as if nothing had fired at her. All the damage done, that I could see, was that part of her bow was knocked off. (The ram was broken.) Each vessel fired at her as she passed, not more than thirty yards distant. * * Steam was got up on all the fleet. Our ship was picked out to run into the Arkansas and board her at all hazards. The mortars opened on the town instantly. The Richmond took the lead; then came the Iroquois, Oneida (lost in Yokohoma Bay in 1870), Hartford, Sumter, and two other gunboats which were to pass the city and fight the ram."

I have reproduced these letters to show that the account I have already given was not exaggerated. Let us now proceed with our narrative. We were dealing with a bold and confident enemy, determined to take some desperate chances to compass our destruction. As the reader already knows our crew was fearfully used up on the 15th. Daily we sent more men to the hospital, suffering with malarious diseases, until we had not in a week more than thirty seamen, ordinary seamen and landsmen, and I think but four or five firemen. Many of the younger officers had also succumbed; those of us who were left were used up also. We slept below, with our clothes on, in an atmosphere so heated by the steam of the engines as to keep one in a constant perspiration. No more men were to be had. It was disheartening enough to see a ship which but a week

before was the pride of the country now almost deserted. On the morning of the 22d of July, a week after our arrival, we were awakened early in the morning by the drum calling us to quarters. Great commotion was observed in the fleet above. Everything seemed under-way again, and it was evident that we were soon to have another brush. On our decks were not men enough to man two guns, and not firemen enough to keep steam up if we were forced into the stream! Rather a doleful outlook! We were moored to the bank, head up the river, as a matter of course. The fires under the boilers were hastened, and every possible preparation made for resistance. In a few minutes we observed the iron-clad steamer Essex ("Dirty Bill Porter" commanding) steaming around the point and steering for us. The upper battery opened, but she did not reply. Grimball unloosed his Columbiad, but she did not stop. I followed, hitting her fair, but still she persevered in sullen silence. Her plan was to run into and shove us aground, when her consort, the Queen of the West, was to follow and but a hole in us; and thus the dreaded ram was to be made way with. On she came like a mad bull, nothing daunted or overawed. As soon as Captain Brown got a fair view of her, followed at a distance by the Queen, he divined her intent, and seeing that she was as square across the bow as a flatboat or scow, and we were as sharp as a wedge, he determined at once to foil her tactics. Slacking off the hawser which held our head to the bank, he went ahead on the starboard screw, and thus our sharp prow was turned directly for her to hit against. This disconcerted the enemy and destroyed his plan. A collision would surely cut him down and leave us uninjured. All this time we had not been idle spectators. The two Columbiads had been ringing on his front and piercing him every shot; to which he did not reply until he found that the shoving game was out of the question. Then, and when not more than fifty yards distant, he triced up his three bow port-shutters and poured out his fire. A nine-inch shot struck our armor a few inches forward of the unlucky forward port, and crawling along the side entered. Seven men were killed outright and six wounded. Splinters flew in all directions. In an instant the enemy was alongside, and his momentum was so great that he ran aground a short distance astern of us. As he passed we poured out our port broadside, and as soon as the stern rifles could be cleared of the splinters and broken stanchions and woodwork, which had been driven the whole length of the gun-box, we went ahead on our port screw and turned our stern guns on him, and every man—we had but seventeen left—and officer went to

them. As he passed he did not fire, nor did he whilst we were riding him close aboard. His only effort was to get away from us. He backed hard on his engines and finally got off; but getting a shot in his machinery just as he got afloat, he was compelled to float down stream and join the lower fleet, which he accomplished without damage from the batteries on the hills. He fired only the three shots mentioned. But *our* troubles were not over. We had scarcely shook this fellow off before we were called to the other end of the ship—we ran from one gun to another to get ready for a second attack. The Queen was now close to us, evidently determined to ram us. The guns had been fired and were now empty and inboard. *Somehow* we got them loaded and run out, and by the time she had commenced to round to. I am not sure, but I think we struck her with the Columbiads as she came down, but at all events the broadside was ready. Captain Brown adopted the plan of turning his head to her also, and thus received her blow glancing. She came into us going at an enormous speed, probably fifteen miles and hour, and I felt pretty sure that our hour had struck. I had hoped to blow her up with the thirty-two-pounder as she passed, but the gun being an old one, with an enlarged vent, the primer drew out without igniting the charge. One of the men, we had no regular gun's crews then, every man was expected to do ten men's duty, replaced it and struck it with a compressor lever; but too late; his boilers were past, and the shot went through his cylinder timbers without disabling him. His blow, though glancing, was a heavy one. His prow, or beak, made a hole through our side and caused the ship to careen, and roll heavily; but we all knew in an instant that no serious damage had been done, and we redoubled our efforts to cripple him so that he could not again attempt the experiment. As did the Essex, so he ran into the bank astern of us, and got the contents of the stern battery; but being more nimble than she, was sooner off into deep water. Returning up stream he got our broadside guns again, and we saw that he had no disposition to engage us further. As he passed the line of fire of the bow guns he got it again, and I distinctly recollect the handsomest shot I ever made was the last at her. He was nearly a mile away, and I bowled at him with the gun lying level. It *ricochetted* four or five times before it dropped into his stern. But it dropped there. As I have before said, the Essex was drifting down stream unmanageable, and now would have been our time to have ended her in sight of both squadrons, but we had but seventeen men and they well-nigh exhausted. Beating off these two vessels, under the circumstances, was

the best achievement of the Arkansas. That we were under the batteries of Vicksburg did not amount to anything. I do not believe that either vessel was injured by an army gun that day. We were left to our fate, and if we had been lost it would have been no unusual or unexpected thing. The Essex used, in one of her guns that day, projectiles that were probably never used before, to-wit: Marbles that boys used for playing. We picked up a hundred unbroken ones on our fore-castle. There were "white-allies," "chinas," and some glass marbles. I wish the naval reader to understand that the Essex did not return the fire as she lay alongside us, did not attempt to board, although he had a picked crew for that purpose, and fired but three guns in the fight, and thereafter kept her ports closed. Brown, no longer able to play the lion, assumed the *role* of the fox with consummate skill.

Sketch of the Third Maryland Artillery.

By Captain WILLIAM L. RITTER.

RETREAT FROM NASHVILLE.

Now commenced one of the most disastrous retreats of the war. Seventy-two pieces of artillery were lost at Nashville, and hundreds of wagons were abandoned for want of mules to pull them. The roads were in wretched condition in consequence of the inclemency of the weather. The heavy rains rendered the streams almost impassible. Short rations, provender and clothing added much to the suffering of both man and beast. The pelting of the rain, sleet and snow upon the backs of half naked, half starved men as they marched day and night before a relentless foe is only a part of the true story. Many mules were taken from the ordnance wagons to be used in the pontoon train.

The battalion marched to Franklin the night of the 16th of December, 1864, and on the morning of the 18th, reached Columbia, where the battalion encamped for the night. The next day, the 19th, the retreat was resumed, marching all day and the greater part of the night through rain and snow. This was the most inclement day of the retreat and the most intense suffering was experienced by the entire army. Shoeless men marched all the way from Nashville to Mississippi, without any protection whatever to their feet, and they only can describe the suffering they endured.

On the 25th the battalion arrived at the Tennessee river, and early the next morning crossed on the pontoon bridge, which had been thrown across the day and night previous. The river was very much swollèn, the current strong and fierce. The cable rope to which the pontoons were attached was very much curved by the strong current, but the ends of the rope were securely fastened and the boats kept in position until the army crossed.

For several days, wagons, artillery and troops poured in a stream across this bridge, intermingled almost in a solid mass, and the exit kept clear in order that no time might be lost in the transit. This part of the retreat was admirably managed, and much credit was due the engineers who had it in charge.

Two batteries of Johnston's battalion, with several others, were planted on the river bank below the bridge, to prevent the enemy's gunboats from coming up while the army was crossing. They were poorly protected, and suffered considerably from the unequal contest, though they maintained their position.

The ordnance train, temporarily under the command of Lieutenant Ritter, arrived at Tusculum, Ala., on the evening of the 26th, where it remained three days, waiting for the remainder of the battalion. During this time Lieutenant J. W. Doncaster was in command of the battery.

Hood's losses from the 20th of November to the 20th of December, in killed, wounded and prisoners, amounted to 13,303 men, which, deducted from 25,538, who crossed the Tennessee river in November, only 12,235 were left to return in December. Thus it will be seen that he lost over half his men, and in arms and munitions about in the same proportion.

Had Thomas possessed the ability of a great commander, he would have captured Hood's whole army, as he outnumbered him almost four to one. At the battle of Nashville he commanded a force of 55,000 men against 16,697 under Hood. Hood certainly deserves the credit of saving the remnant of his command against such odds, but he ought to have withdrawn after the battle of Franklin. The loss of 5,550 men in that engagement rendered him powerless to prosecute successfully the campaign any farther. He certainly was aware that the Federals were massing troops at Nashville, therefore it was only a question of time when he would be driven back, and then at a disadvantage.

It is sad to think of the brave men, who crossed into Tennessee, there to find a soldier's grave, or be maimed for life, especially when

it is remembered that this move was perhaps the death blow to the Confederate cause.

On the 30th, the battalion started for Rienza, Miss. On arriving there orders were received to proceed at once to Columbus, Miss., which it reached January 10th, 1865, and camped two miles east of the town.

The howitzer brought from Columbia, Tenn., by the battery, was turned over to the ordnance officer at Columbus, Miss., as no howitzers were then used in the Army of Tennessee.

On the 20th, Lieutenant Ritter was promoted to the captaincy by the following special order :

HEADQUARTERS, COLUMBUS, MISS.,
January 20th, 1865.

Special Order, No. 10 :

The following promotion is announced, the officer named being deemed competent for promotion :

First-Lieutenant William L. Ritter, of the Third Maryland Artillery, to be Captain, from December 16th, 1864, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Captain John B. Rowan, killed December 16th, 1864, before Nashville, Tenn.

By command of Major-General Elzey,

WILLIAM PALFREY,
Captain and Assistant-Adjutant.

To Captain WILLIAM L. RITTER,

Through Colonel M SMITH :

General Beauregard made a request of General Hood, to send his son's battery, with the first battalion of artillery that was sent to South Carolina. Johnston's battalion being the first ordered there, Captain Beauregard's battery was sent with it instead of the Third Maryland, which was transferred to Cobb's battalion, Smith's regiment of artillery.

On the 25th, the battalion was ordered two miles north of Columbus, on the east side of the river, there to build winter-quarters. Just as the men were finishing the buildings orders were received for the battalion to proceed at once to Mobile, Ala.

The Last Chapter in the History of Reconstruction in South Carolina.

By F. A. PORCHER, President South Carolina Historical Society.

ADMINISTRATION OF D. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

PAPER NO. I.

[We deem ourselves fortunate in being able to present the following graphic picture of "Reconstruction," so called, in South Carolina, from the pen of the accomplished President of the South Carolina Historical Society, who writes of what he himself saw, and knew, and felt. We only regret that we are compelled to divide this interesting and valuable paper into several numbers:]

The history of South Carolina during the period of Reconstruction, from the passage of that act of revengeful hatred, until the liberation of the State by the election of Governor Hampton, is a story so full of horrors that it is not easy for the mind to imagine its reality; and even though one might faithfully report the enormities which were perpetrated under the name of law, (and the bare mention of them would fill a volume) no pen can portray the inner life of the people, the bitter mortification, the painfully suppressed indignation, the harrowing fears which daily and hourly pressed upon them and made them wonder what had become of the dear and gallant old State. The corruption and outrages, which, in happier times, were never imagined by a sane mind, had now become so familiar that they ceased to make any vivid impression. All hope was extinguished, save in the mysterious providence of God; even the faith which dared indulge in such hope was feeble and timid, and ashamed to acknowledge itself. Relief came at last, it came from our own efforts aided by the blessing of God; and now that the evil is behind us, now that we can again feel that we are men, and freemen, that our country is our own, the memory of the past is like a hideous dream. We can scarcely persuade even ourselves that it was a sad reality, and unless well attested, positively will never believe that the story we are about to relate is a sober truth. I propose to devote this paper chiefly to the administration of Chamberlain, the last chapter in the history of Reconstruction. It alone, to be properly done, calls for an amount of details so great as to exclude the paper from this magazine; to other hands, therefore, must be committed this whole history

of Reconstruction, and even this story, which I propose to give, must be curtailed of many, very many, of its details.

When the war came to an end, the people of this State, regarding the cause as lost, accepted the situation and determined to live honestly and faithfully in conformity with it. They had tried the issue of arms, and had failed; they had lost their fortunes; more than half of her best sons had laid down their lives for the cause; the cause was lost, but they still might exercise their manliness and seek their fortunes under the changed aspect of affairs. A convention, which had been called by Mr. Perry, the Provisional Governor of the State, met and reorganized the State, and under its provisions General Orr was elected the Governor, and Senators and Representatives were elected to represent the State in Congress. But, though it had been all along asserted that the acts of secession were nullities, when the Representatives-elect went to take their seats, it was ascertained that the acts were not nullities, and that South Carolina could have no representation until a new constitution should be made for her, which the sitting members of the Congress should approve. To bring about this desirable state of things, the Southern States were divided into several military districts, over each of which an officer was appointed, with all the powers of a Persian Satrap, excepting that he could not take away the life of a citizen, except by due form of law. The Satrap appointed over this State was General Sickles, who had made himself infamous by the assassination of Mr. Key, of Washington, for improper intimacy with his wife, and afterwards condoning her infidelity. Of his official acts I have no special recollection; he was always ostentatiously showing his vulgar and brutal person, which was made more conspicuous by his being always arrayed in his uniform. In this respect he was a striking contrast to his successor, who seemed always to wish to disguise his questionable dignity of a Satrap of a military despotism, under the modest garb and demeanor of a gentleman.

The first step towards reconstruction, after the appointment of these Satraps, was the calling of a convention. For this purpose all the males were registered as voters, those only excepted who had, in virtue of any office held before the war, taken the oath of fidelity towards the Constitution of the United States. This, of course, excluded most of those who had been the best citizens. It was then ordered that the registered voters should vote for members of the convention, and that it should be held, provided a majority of the registered votes should be given for members of the convention. As

so large a portion of the citizens were disfranchised, the white people would register, but not vote. For a long time the poll-returns which were published made it likely that less than half of the registered names had voted, and that the call of the convention would be a failure; but the governing power was determined that their designs should not be thwarted, even by means provided by their own orders. A striking illustration was shown in the case of the adoption of the constitution of Alabama. The Congress resolved that it had been adopted, when it had been notoriously rejected. General Canby's act was by no means so glaring, but it was highly suspicious. After publishing the state of the polls for some time, by which it appeared that the convention had not been called, he ceased the continuance of the publication as unnecessary, and proclaimed that a majority of registered voters had ordered a convention, and published the names of the members-elect.

The convention assembled in 1868. In it were many members who afterwards attained a bad distinction, but did not at that time or on that occasion make themselves flagrantly conspicuous. They made the constitution for which they were assembled. It is a grievous fallacy to judge of a people or of a State by the constitutions or laws under which they live. The constitution adopted by that convention has never been changed; under it we had six years of a saturnalia, of lawlessness and disorder; under the same constitution we have enjoyed the blessings of peace and prosperity; so completely does the well-being of a State depend upon the character of the people who rule opinion. From 1868 to 1876 South Carolina was denounced even by Radical newspapers at the North as a disgrace to civilization; from 1876 it ventures to stand among the front in the march of refinement and civilization; but in both periods the instrument of government was the same—the instrument devised by the agents appointed by a vindictive Congress to break down the manliness of those whom it stigmatized as rebels.

After the convention had done its work an election was held for a Governor, which resulted in the election of Governor W. K. Scott, and General Canby displaced Governor Orr and put Governor Scott in the gubernatorial chair.

Governor Scott was first known to the people of this State as the head of the Freedman's Bureau. He did nothing to make him particularly obnoxious to the people. He had made a declaration of his opinions some time before, which his subsequent conduct as Governor proved to be his real views. In that speech, delivered in

Washington, he said that Winchester rifles in the hands of the negroes of South Carolina was the most effective means of maintaining order and quiet in the State. This experiment was tried by himself and his successors, and the result was that South Carolina became a disgrace to civilization. The situation of the State was so well described by ex-Governor Perry in a letter to Scott, dated March 13, 1871, that we shall content ourselves with using his words:

"There are two things," says the writer, "which you can do, and should do, the sooner the better. Disarm your militia and appoint good and intelligent men to office. All the lawlessness and violence which has disgraced the State has been owing to these two sources of mischief. Never was there a more fatal mistake nor a more diabolical wrong committed than when you organized colored troops throughout the State and put arms in their hands with powder and ball, and denied the same to the white people. It was atrocious. The bloody tragedy at Laurens was owing to this and nothing else. The murder of Stevens and other white men at Union by one of your negro companies, and the subsequent execution of ten colored persons was owing to the same cause. The fearful killing and murder of a number of men at Chester, was likewise owing to your colored militia. The violence and lawlessness at Yorkville originated in one of your worthless appointments. Heretofore your appointments have been mostly made of ignorant and corrupt men, who cannot enforce the law and preserve the peace.

"The colored people of South Carolina behaved well during the war and would have continued to do so but for the unprincipled carpet-bagger, who came among them and stirred up hatred to the white race by the most artful and devilish appeals to their fears and bad passions. Unprincipled white men living amongst us, seeing an opportunity of office and plunder, joined the carpet-baggers. These two classes united in persuading the negroes, that they would be put back into slavery, and that they must apply the torch to redress their supposed wrongs. It is not surprising that a people so ignorant and credulous as the negroes are, should thus have been led astray. They were told that land would be given them and their children educated. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been appropriated for this purpose and all squandered and stolen by their pretended friends; a multiplicity of offices have been created to reward political partizans; salaries have been increased; millions appropriated for railroads, and the most extravagant waste of public moneys in every way. The public officers and the Legislature are charged with the

most shameful corruption, bribery and roguery. It is impossible for the industry of the State to pay the taxes. There is no security for property. It is impossible for this thing to go on and preserve order in the State."

As our purpose is not to go into the details of this administration, we content ourselves with Governor Perry's statement. There is one fact of which we would be glad to be made certain. Was it a foregone conclusion that the ex-Confederates were to be forced into acts of violence, such as would call for the active interference of the general government. That such was the wish at or about the close of Radical rule, there can be no doubt. But was this a fixed idea when the government was begun? The Reconstruction acts were partly vindictive, partly political. It was hoped and expected that by giving the right of suffrage to the negro, the Southern States, or a large number of them, would be secured to the Republican party. The negro must, of necessity, be a Republican. Hence the investing him at once with political power, and excluding all those States from a seat in Congress until the negro element had been thoroughly incorporated in its constitution. At first the whites were made to feel that they no longer controlled the negro, and the Republican party was completely in the ascendant. But it was not long before the old relations of kindness between the two races began to revive. The negro found his friends among his old masters. The adventurers who came here to make their own fortunes were quick to perceive this and to dread the consequences. Hence they made untiring efforts to stir up the evil passions of the negroes against the whites; unto this feeling Governor Scott lent himself a willing agent. It was his duty to organize the militia; in doing this he recognized only the black race. They were formed into companies and regiments; to these arms were distributed, which are aptly described by Governor Perry as fruitful of the worst of crimes. The whites were not allowed their share of the public arms. It was a sense of the danger to which the whites were exposed at thus being kept without arms that gave rise to the rifle clubs, which were a grievance to Governor Chamberlain, which were denounced by General Grant, but which it is truth to say, became the only power which at one time saved the State by its moral power alone from the extreme horrors of anarchy. When General Hunt called on some of these clubs to assist in restoring peace to the city after one of the most terrible riots that had ever been known in it, he was instantly reported to the government at Washington, and was almost as instantly sent on duty elsewhere.

But they were almost the only force which he could trust. The Government would have preferred to leave the city at the mercy of the infuriate wretches who had bathed its streets with the blood of its citizens. All circumstantial evidence points to the conclusion that the thing most desired by the Government was such a collision of races as would call for active military interference, and as this was solemnly believed by the whites they avoided such collision, even under circumstances when forbearance seemed to be very like weakness.

Corruption and disorder had so completely taken possession of the State that all hope of a change for the better seemed to have been destroyed, when it was determined to make some feeble effort to stay the progress of misrule by joining the ranks of the Republicans. The project was to leave the power in their hands, but to infuse into it a beam of purity by giving offices to the white men. Accordingly a reform ticket was offered to the votes of the people, at the head of which was the Republican Judge Carpenter, who had not unworthily filled the judicial bench; General M. C. Butler consented to be a candidate for the office of Lieutenant-Governor, and in the selection of other candidates, while the most notorious rogues were excluded, a larger proportion of Republicans, more blacks than whites, were nominated. It was strictly and emphatically a Reform party; all partisan politics were studiously excluded. The effort failed, because it deserved to fail; it deserved to fail because it associated itself with a party rotten to the core. The relief could not come, and did not come, until a sharp line was drawn and no compromise tolerated with the unclean thing.

General Kershaw, the chairman of the Reformed Committee, after the thorough discomfiture of his party, published a report announcing his failure. We cannot do better than tell the sad story in his own words:

"We entered the contest," he says, "by laying down a platform on the rights of race identical and co-extensive with the Republican Congress upon that subject. We invited men of all parties, upon that basis, to unite in an effort to reform the present incompetent, extravagant, prejudiced, and corrupt administration of the State Government, and to establish, instead thereof, just and equal laws, order and harmony, economy in public expenditures, a strict accountability in office-holders, and the election to office only of men of known honesty and integrity.

"We put forward as the State candidate a prominent Republican,

who had proved himself a capable and just judge, and a democrat and eminently representative Carolinian, popular and distinguished. The people, in their county nominations, generally observed the same spirit of compromise, and selected as their candidates white and black, Democrats and Republicans—giving full effect to the spirit of the platform. Certainly, if ever a party was organized outside of political issues, this was. There was literally nothing in it to repel any citizen of any school of politics, except the few who, clinging to the issues of the past, were offended by the liberal concessions made to the colored people. If, therefore, we could establish our charges against the then existing administration of the State Government, we had a right to count upon the support of all honest men. These charges were, in general terms, incompetency, extravagance, prejudice and corruption, and there is not a county or precinct in the State where they were not proven to be true, to the conviction of the commonest understanding, and to an extent wholly unparalleled in the annals of civilized governments. These proofs were never refuted. They stand uncontroverted, as they were incontrovertible, ineffaceably impressed upon the recorded acts of the Government. Had the battle been permitted to rest upon this issue, you would to-day have been rejoicing in the restoration of peace and good government to this stricken and desolated State.

"The wicked leaders of the prejudiced and benighted masses of colored people, who looked to them for guidance with the simple faith of childhood, knew too well where their strength lay not to avert this blessed boon from their deluded followers. True to the principle of 'rule and ruin' which has ever actuated them since they came among us, they appealed to that spirit of antagonism which slumbered until they came, and led their victims blinded to the sacrifice. They pretended that we were not in earnest; that our leading men did not support us; that our liberality of principle and practice was but premeditated treachery—a subtle and deceptive scheme to acquire power; that that power, when acquired, would be used to put them back into slavery; that we were the same people who had held them in bondage for so many generations, and fought four years to rivet their chains, and could never be trusted; they raked the ashes of the past to find the old sores of slavery, opened them afresh, and reveled in the torture they inflicted by the cruel pictures they drew of wrongs which were either never endured or as unexceptional as child-murder in New England. The more fiercely raged the mad passions of the crowd, the greater their efforts to aggravate and infuriate them. They told them every conceivable

story they could invent, to make them believe that we sought their ruin. Every brawl between white and black was magnified into the beginning of a war against their race. They were told that we would prevent their voting by violence, and on this pretext they were armed by the State, the further to alarm and excite them. They were told that we were rebels, enemies of the General and State Governments; that the President, the Governor and the great Republican party were *our* enemies and *their* friends; that *they* would never be hurt, do what they might; that high taxes were nothing to *them*—*they* did not pay them; that it would be good for them if the land-owner should be forced to sell his lands down to a mere homestead; they would then have homes through the operation of the land commission and other causes; that all the accumulated property here was the result of their labor; that it rightfully belonged to *them*, and that the way to get it was to vote for what they were pleased to term the 'Republican party,' meaning the ruling dynasty of South Carolina.

* * * * *

"This summary of the arguments by which the colored people were led to fasten upon the State for the next two years the same men who have so nearly ruined us in the past, demonstrates the existence among them of a fatal hostility towards us which cannot now be overcome by gentle and kindly overtures. It is so violent in certain quarters as to threaten the existence of society. It has been fostered and favored and kept alive in a large degree by those whose duty it is to protect society. Magistrates and conservators of the peace have been foremost and unrebuked in incendiary utterances and actions. It is allied not only with demagoguism, that demon whose province it is to prostitute the spirit of liberty, but also with agrarianism, which strikes at the foundation of civil society. To this add ignorance and the leadership of the worst, most unscrupulous and selfish men, as a rule, and some idea may be formed of the dangers of the situation."

With this report the Republican Reform party came to an end; Governor Scott was re-elected by an overwhelming vote, and the suffering whites could only hope in patience, while the mad orgies of Republican misrule went on unchecked.

In 1872 the office of Governor was filled by a young South Carolinian, who acquired a sad notoriety throughout the country. He had been Speaker of the House of Representatives, and showed a wonderful fitness to hold office in this saturnalia of extravagance and debauchery. The recklessness with which he signed money orders on the Treasury created a large debt, which ought to have been re-

pudiated. His administration was only a continuation of that of his predecessor, with, perhaps, even less regard for decency. He ran a mad career, and was last heard of in the Criminal Court of New York, where the former Governor of South Carolina figured as a petty swindler.

We have introduced the history of the first two administrations only to serve as an introduction to that of Chamberlain, who was the last, the most plausible and the best cultured, and the most dangerous of all. But here a difficulty meets us. A full and true narrative of those two years would require a volume of no less bulk than a whole year's publication of this magazine; a naked statement of the facts which distinguished this period would be flat and tedious. It is one thing to say that atrocious deeds were done; it is another thing to enter into the details of these atrocities. Without these last one cannot form a vivid conception of the infernal life which the white people of South Carolina led during that eventful period. Even during the war, when tidings were full of disasters and of the deaths of our brave soldiers, our minds were not so depressed as they were during a large part of the Reconstruction era. Then indeed we had the comfort of hope and the consciousness of manliness exercised in a cause dear to us; but now hope was almost gone from us, and we could show no manliness except in the fortitude with which we endured our humiliation. The country was against us and regarded with an evil eye all that we did, with a perverse understanding all that we said. The President was a fiery partisan against us, listened to no counsels except those of our enemies. Our officers were not ours, but those of our negroes; one of the Governors had said that Winchester rifles in the hands of the negroes was the best means of securing peace in South Carolina, and the other was a renegade, with as much of the bitterness of the renegade as a man so steeped in licentious debauchery could feel. We now had a new man; for a long time we did not know how to regard him. A very few months before the election which defeated him was held, he was favorably regarded as our candidate for the next election. When at last he discovered that he had utterly lost our confidence, he threw off the mask and showed himself what he really was, a monster of deceit, of malignity, and of imbecility. In attempting to give the history of his administration, we shall not condense; we will omit many scenes which may well be recorded, but we shall select those which were conspicuous, and spare no details to paint them in their hideous and disgusting colors.

Lookout Mountain!

REPORT OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. C. BROWN.

HEADQUARTERS BROWN'S BRIGADE,
November 30, 1863.

Major,—I beg leave to submit a report of the part performed by my command in the battle of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, on the 24th and 25th November, 1863.

On Monday night, the 23d November, Major-General Stevenson directed me to take command of his division, then occupying the summit of Lookout Mountain, and defending the approach at the point and on the west slope of the mountain as far as "Nickajack trail," a distance of ten miles. At 12 o'clock that night I was ordered by the Major-General to send Cumming's brigade to the base of the mountain to report to Brigadier-General Jackson, and Haggerty's battery of Parrott guns to report to Brigadier-General Anderson, on the right of the line on Missionary Ridge. Early Tuesday morning, the 24th, the passes of the mountain were re-enforced, and at 12 M., in obedience to an order from the Major-General commanding, I sent Pettus's brigade (except the Twenty-third and Thirtieth Alabama regiments) to report to Brigadier-General Jackson, half way down the mountain, leaving me only my own brigade, the Twenty-third and Thirtieth Alabama regiments, and — battery of Napoleons.

The Eighteenth and Twenty-sixth Tennessee regiments were disposed at Powell's and Nickajack trails and the contiguous passes. Powell's trail is seven and Nickajack ten miles from the north point of Lookout. The pass at the point and those nearest to it, for two and a half miles on the west side, were held by detachments from the Twenty-third and Thirtieth Alabama regiments, while reserves from the same regiments, under command of Colonel Hundley, officer of the day, were held near the line of defense, south of Summertown, to re-enforce their pickets. One section of the battery, under charge of —, was in position near the point, while the other section was held in position disposable between the point and the line of defense, on the south. About 12:30 I moved the Thirty-second Tennessee, the largest regiment of my brigade, to re-enforce the point and to support the artillery. At 1 o'clock P. M. the two Napoleon guns on the point opened fire upon the enemy, then passing near the "Craven House," and continued it incessantly for two hours. At the same

time I deployed sharpshooters from the Thirty-second Tennessee and Thirtieth Alabama down the side of the mountain, and directed a fire upon the enemy's flank. I ordered rocks rolled down the mountain also. The fog was so dense that we could not see the enemy, although we could hear his march, and guided by this and the report of his musketry, our fire was directed. His advance was quickly checked, and his fire materially abated, and doubtless the effect of the shells from the two Napoleon guns and the fire of our sharpshooters contributed largely to this end. Late in the afternoon (the hour not recollected) I reported to the Major-General commanding, in answer to a summons from him, and was informed that he had been directed by General Bragg to withdraw from the mountain. I gave orders to all the troops to be ready to move at 7 o'clock P. M. Nearly all of our wagons had been ordered the night previous to Chickamauga station for supplies, and had not returned. The consequence was that our camp equipage and a part of our baggage was abandoned. At 7 P. M. the troops, artillery and ordnance trains were quietly withdrawn to the valley by the Chattanooga road, and crossed Chattanooga creek by 10 o'clock. The Eighteenth and Twenty-sixth Tennessee regiments were withdrawn by the McCullough road, and crossed the valley and Missionary Ridge by way of Rossville, and did not form a junction with the command until late in the afternoon of next day.

* * * * *

I have the honor to be, Major,

Most respectfully your obedient servant,

(Signed)

J. C. BROWN,
Brigadier-General.

To Major J. J. Reine, A. A. G.

Further Details of the Death of General A. P. Hill.

LETTER FROM A COURIER.

[At his own earnest request we suppress the name of the gallant young soldier who sends the following letters; but he will have the thanks of all old Confederates, not only for his own contribution, but also for eliciting from Colonel Venable his graceful tribute to the accomplished soldier and chivalric gentleman whose name was among the dying words of both Lee and Jackson.]

RICHMOND, VA., March 21, 1884.

REV. J. WILLIAM JONES,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:

My Dear Sir,—Some time since I noticed an account of the death of General A. P. Hill, which was written by Sergeant Tucker, of General Hill's staff. Having seen General Hill only a short while before his death, and thinking Sergeant Tucker had left out (unintentionally) some facts that might be interesting to the soldiers, I sent the account to Colonel C. S. Venable, formerly of General R. E. Lee's staff, and I beg herewith to hand you for publication Colonel Venable's letter to me, which I am sure will be read with interest by all.

Let me say, that as General Hill came across the branch referred to by Sergeant Tucker, I met him (I was going to General R. E. Lee), and turned back with him and Sergeant Tucker, and told him of the enemy in General Mahone's old winter-quarters. After being fired at by the enemy in the old quarters, we turned to the right and there met Colonel Venable, who desired General Hill not to expose himself, saying that it was General Lee's request. General Hill thanked him and told him to say to General Lee that he thanked him for his consideration, and that he (General Hill) was only trying to get in communication with the right. Colonel Venable turned off to return to General Lee, and as he did so, told me I was wanted at General Lee's headquarters, and I rode with Colonel Venable to that place. I carried several orders for General Lee, and was present when Sergeant Tucker came up and reported the death of General Hill.

Never shall I forget the look on General Lee's face, as Sergeant Tucker made his report. After hearing what Sergeant Tucker had to say, General Lee remarked: "He is at rest now, and we who are left are the ones to suffer."

Some may ask how it was that I, a courier in artillery, should have been in that locality. I was a mere boy, fond of excitement, and it so happened that our quarters were in the yard of a Mr. Whitworth, who lived almost south of General Lee's headquarters. I was awake all Saturday night, looking at the mortar and other shells, and when the enemy, on Sunday morning, came too close to our quarters to be comfortable, our wagon was packed and sent with all but myself to General Pendleton's headquarters. I remained, fed my mare, and "held my position" until the enemy were close enough for me to see

how many had been shaved Saturday, and then I moved out, receiving as I went cheers or yells from the enemy, for which compliments I did not stop to thank them. When I got down in the bottom I stopped my mare in the branch, and was letting her drink, when General Hill came up, as before stated. I think General Lane will recollect my coming to him later in the day, when he was having a rough time. My Colonel was absent on official business that day, and I was trying to make myself useful. I took a hand in anything that I could; carried orders for General R. E. Lee; was sent to General Longstreet, then to Colonel Manning, who was "forming a skirmish line" (to the south of General Lee's headquarters). Colonel Manning put me in charge of the right (he being in centre), and we had a lively time for some hours. That was a grand skirmish line, with the men *almost as close together* as telegraph poles on the line of a railroad, but we held our position, and were only driven back a short distance by a *line of battle*, sent against us by the enemy. Later I was ordered to Richmond on official business; after attending to which I reported to my Colonel at General Lee's residence on Franklin street, and left there that night after supper.

Trusting you may find something to interest your readers in this my first communication, I am

Yours very truly,

"COURIER,"

Artillery Second Corps.

LETTER FROM COLONEL C. S. VENABLE.

VEVAY, SWITZERLAND, December 25th, 1883.

My Dear Sir,—Your postal of November 26, has been forwarded to me here, as well as the clipping from the *Dispatch* giving Tucker's account of General A. P. Hill's death. Tucker's is a true statement, doubtless, of the circumstances immediately attending the death of General Hill at the hands of the Federal skirmishers—but his memory has failed him in several points which should have been presented in order to give a true picture of the sad event, and a fuller idea of the anxious devotion to duty and love for his troops which made the General on that fatal morning utterly reckless of his own life.

General Hill reached General Lee's headquarters before light and reported personally to the General in his own room. General Longstreet had arrived from the north side of the Appomattox about one o'clock the same morning and was lying on the floor of the Adjutant's

office trying to get a little sleep. A few minutes after General Hill's arrival I walked out to the front gate of the Turnbull House, and there saw wagons and teamsters dashing rather wildly down the River Road (Cox's) in the direction of Petersburg. Walking out on the road, I met a wounded officer on crutches coming from the direction of the huts of Harris's brigade, which lay across the branch in front of the headquarters, who informed me he had been driven from his quarters in these huts (which a few sick and wounded men occupied) by the enemy's skirmishers. I immediately returned to the house, ordered my horse, and reported what I had seen and heard to General Lee, with whom General Hill was still sitting. General Lee ordered me to go and reconnoitre at once. General Hill started up also; we mounted our horses and rode together, General Hill being accompanied by one courier, as I remember, who I thought was Tucker. I had no courier with me. On arriving at the branch (it was barely light at the time), we stopped to water our horses and look around. While thus engaged the enemy made his presence known by firing on us some straggling shots from the direction of the huts and hill towards the Boydton plankroad. Soon perceiving half a dozen or more of our own skirmishers near us, who had been driven back by the sudden advance of the enemy, I got General Hill's permission to deploy these in front of us so as to make some show of force. It being impossible to go straight on to the Boydton plankroad on the road on which we were riding, we turned to the right and rode up the branch. General Hill, whose sole idea was to reach his troops at all hazards, soon became impatient of the slow progress of our improvised skirmishers, and really there seemed to be no enemy in our front in the direction in which we were riding. So we pressed on ahead of them. After going a short distance it became light enough to see some artillery on the River Road (Cox's) about one hundred and fifty yards distant on the hill to our right. He asked me whose artillery it was. I informed him that it was Poague's battalion which came over the night before from Dutch Gap. He requested me to go at once and put it into position. I leaped my horse over the branch and carried out his request. This was the last I ever saw of General Hill alive. As I rode across the field and up the slope towards Poague's battalion he rode up the branch towards a copse of small pines, with a few large ones interspersed. It was in this copse, doubtless, that General Hill met his death in the manner described by Tucker. The mistakes of Tucker are first as to the distance of the branch in question from the Turnbull House, which is

not more than 200 (two hundred) yards, and then as to the time of his conversation with General Hill which must have been after I left him, and some distance up the branch. I remember Tucker's presence but not that of Jenkins at the branch. When we left the gate of the Turnbull House General Hill had but one courier; but another could have easily ridden up behind us without attracting my attention, while we were examining the front so intently in the dim light of the coming day.

The sad event of General Hill's death was the crowning sorrow of that fatal morning. In him fell one of the knightliest Generals of that army of knightly soldiers. On the field he was the very soul of chivalrous gallantry. In moments of the greatest peril his bearing was superb and inspiring in the highest degree. No wonder that Lee, when he saw the horse of his trusted Lieutenant with the saddle empty, led by the faithful Tucker, found time to shed tears, even in the trying moment when the tide of adverse battle, sweeping heavily against us, demanded his every thought. The name of A. P. Hill stands recorded high on the list of those noble sons of Virginia at whose roll-call grateful memory will ever answer: "Dead on the field of honor for the people they loved so well."

I should have added to the account above that in less than half an hour after General Hill was killed, the advanced skirmishers of the enemy were driven from the copse of pines by our men, and his body recovered.

While thus supplementing, and in a manner correcting, Sergeant Tucker's account, I wish to say I have great respect for him. He was a true and faithful soldier—as brave as a lion. I well remember being with General Hill on the 5th of May, 1864, as his advance guard on the plank road struck the enemy's cavalry outposts in the Wilderness, when Tucker, whose horse had died during the winter, got permission to go on the skirmish line and kill a Yankee cavalryman and appropriate his steed. His eagerness caused him to be imprudent in exposing himself, and he got a bullet in the thigh, which rendered a horse unnecessary to him for some time.

With all the good wishes of the day, I am

Yours most truly,

CHARLES S. VENABLE.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

CORRECTIONS IN THE ROSTER OF THE A. N. V., compiled by the "War Records Office," and published in our January-February No., have come from several sources, and we solicit further corrections if errors should be found. The following explain themselves:

RICHMOND, February 1st, 1884.

Dr. J. William Jones:

Dear Sir,—I see that in your PAPERS of January and February, 1884, on the "Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia," you "earnestly request corrections if errors are found."

Colonel H. Clay Pate reported as Colonel of the Fifth Virginia Cavalry on 31st August, 1864; was killed in battle at the Yellow Tavern the same day our beloved Stuart was shot—to-wit., May 11th, 1864—and in a few days thereafter Colonel R. B. Boston, then Captain, was made Colonel, and so continued until killed in action at High Bridge on April 6th, 1865. I had the honor to belong to that gallant regiment, and know this to be true. I can never think of that soul of honor, Colonel Boston, without having my heart strangely stirred. Many of his men soon after, I candidly believe, almost envied his fate.

Very truly yours,

P. J. WHITE.

AUBURN, ALA., January 31, 1884.

Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, Richmond, Va.:

My Dear Sir,—* * * * * I was severely wounded in the second battle at Cold Harbor, but returned to my command about the last of August, to find a great many of my officers absent, on account of the numerous engagements and hard fighting in that campaign. The compilation of the "War Records Office," is doubtless true, but it does not give the names of the *real* regimental commanders in my brigade at that time. They were as follows:

Seventh North Carolina, Colonel William Lee Davidson. Do not know why he was absent.

Eighteenth North Carolina, Colonel John D. Barry, who was absent, wounded in one of the numerous engagements on the north side of the James.

Twenty-eighth North Carolina, Colonel William H. A. Speer, who was absent, mortally wounded at Reams's Station August 25th.

Thirty-third North Carolina, Colonel R. V. Coward. I do not remember why he was absent. I know that he was with me in the battle of Jones's Farm, September 30th, and behaved with conspicuous gallantry on my right flank.

Thirty-seventh North Carolina, Colonel William M. Barbour, afterwards mortally wounded in the engagement at Jones's Farm.

Please make corrections, if the above are such as you "earnestly solicit."

With best wishes for you and our Society, I am

Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES H. LANE.

COLONEL Z. DAVIS, of Charleston, S. C., desires the Roster of the Cavalry Corps corrected to read as follows:

"Butler's Division, Major-General M. C. Butler; Dunevant's Brigade, Brigadier-General John Dunevant; Fourth South Carolina, Colonel B. H. Rutledge; Fifth South Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Jeffards; Sixth South Carolina, Colonel H. K. Aiken.

"The Third South Carolina Cavalry, Colonel Colcock, was never in Virginia, or in Butler's Brigade. General Dunevant was killed October 1, 1864, and Lieutenant-Colonel Jeffards October 27, 1864, from which time I had the honor of commanding the Fifth."

IS THE "ECLECTIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES" A FIT BOOK TO BE TAUGHT IN SOUTHERN SCHOOLS?—This is a book written by Miss M. E. Thalheimer, and published by the enterprising house of Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati and New York. Its friends claim for it great fairness in its narrative, and that it is non-partizan in its treatment of sectional questions. It certainly does not *call* the Southern people "rebels" or "traitors"; pays an occasional tribute to the skill of our leaders and the bravery of our troops; and so ingeniously hides its poison that Confederate soldiers, or their sons, are acting as agents for its dissemination, and many school boards and teachers at the South are adopting it as a text-book in their schools. It being one of the books of the famous "Eclectic Series," of which the late Dr. W. H. McGuffey, of the University of Virginia, prepared the Readers and Spellers, many of our schools are innocently adopting it, without due examination, under the impression that it is as unobjectionable as other books of this series.

In addition to this all of the wealth, experience, power and influence of this great Publishing House are thrown into the scale, and the result is that this book is being commended by some whom we would expect to give "a clearer note" in the cause of truth, and is being adopted by teachers of whom we would expect better guidance for the children committed to their charge.

We propose to review this "History" in a series of papers in which we shall show that, (however pure may be the motives of author, publishers, agents, school boards or teachers who have adopted it) the book itself is full of errors, misrepresentations, false statements, partisan coloring and false teachings—that it exalts the North at the expense of the South—that it misrepresents the character, motives, principles and deeds of our Confederate Government, leaders, soldiers, and people—and that if our children are to learn their "History" from this libel upon the truth they will grow up to despise the land and cause which their fathers loved, and for which they freely risked, and many of them gladly gave up, their lives.

In a word we propose to show that this book is utterly unfit to be taught in our schools—that our school boards and teachers ought not to adopt it, and that Southern parents ought not, *under any circumstances*, to allow their children to study it. Better let them grow up in profound ignorance of the history of their country than to receive this garbled and false account.

We had purposed beginning our review in this number, but finding ourselves “crowded out” by press of other matter we defer our first paper until our next issue. In the meantime, however, we feel called upon to express now our opinion of this book, to call upon our bretheren of the press all through the South to join us in making war upon its introduction into our schools, and to ask our Confederate soldiers everywhere to read its account of the origin, progress and close of the war, and to send us their criticisms upon the narrative, or at least their opinion of the propriety of its use in our schools.

It may be proper for us to add that we make war on this book in the interest of no other history or publisher under the sun,—that we have no connection with, or interest in any rival book—that we regard this as no worse than some other *Northern* “School Histories” of the United States (indeed not as bad as the majority of them),—but that we single this one out for the reason that it is already somewhat extensively used in the South, and is likely to be yet more generally used unless the friends of truth rally against its introduction

THE UNVEILING OF THE LEE MONUMENT AT NEW ORLEANS on the 22nd of February was an event of deepest interest and it was a personal affliction to us that imperative duties in our office prevented us from fulfilling our purpose of accepting the kind invitation of the committee to be present on the occasion.

The following admirable programme was arranged :

Programme of Ceremonies to commence at 2 P. M. Unveiling of statue of General Robert E. Lee, at Lee Circle, Friday, February 22nd, 1884.

Prof. B. Moses, Musical director. (Music.) Grand March, Rienzi, Wagner. Prayer by Rev. T. R. Markham, D. D. (Music.) Nearer my God to Thee, Mason. Poem by H. F. Requier, Esq. (Music.) Medley—“In Memory of Other Days,” B. Moses. Oration by Hon. Chas. E. Fenner. (Music.) Fest Overture, Leutner. Presentation of Statue, by the president of the Board of Directors, and acceptance by the Mayor of the City of New Orleans. (Music.) Overture Monumental, Keler Bela. Unveiling of Statue; Salute. (Music.) I Know that my Redeemer Liveth, Handel. Benediction by Rt. Rev. J. N. Galleher, D. D.

We are indebted to the Corresponding Secretary of the Association, General W. M. Owen, and the Chairman of the “Reception Committee,” Colonel W. T. Vaudry, for beautifully gotten-up programmes, with cut of the monument, medals, papers containing accounts of the ceremonies, the eloquent address of Judge Fenner, the beautiful poem of Mr. Requier, &c., and we shall carefully preserve all of these in our archives.

We deeply regret that our space does not allow us to publish this month a full description of the monument, which reflects the highest credit on all concerned, and a full account of the interesting ceremonies; but we shall

certainly put on record hereafter at least some of the good things which were said and done. All honor to the gallant and patriotic Confederates of the noble "Crescent City" for adding this monument to our peerless chief to the many other things they have done to keep green the memories of the cause they loved—to *perpetuate the history they did so much to make.*

EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM SMITH, of Warrenton, Va., now in his eighty-eighth year, but more lithe and active than many men of fifty, has recently spent several weeks in Richmond, and frequently favored us with visits to our office, when he would entertain us with many interesting and valuable reminiscences of his long and eventful life. When he talked of the war his eye would kindle with something of the old fire we used to see when his clear voice would ring out, "Forward, Forty-ninth!" or when in command of the grand old Fourth Virginia Brigade he would gallantly lead them into the very thickest of the fight.

Long may the old hero live, and his stern patriotism serve as an example for the young men of the country.

We are indebted to him for a very valuable scrap-book of clippings from war newspapers.

GENERAL GEORGE D. JOHNSTON, our able and efficient General Agent, after a rest since last July, has gone to work for the Society again in New Orleans, and will, we hope, soon visit also other points. It is scarcely necessary for us to say that we are glad to have once more the invaluable services of this gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman, who never fails to make a success of his agency wherever he goes, to make the promptest and most accurate report to our office, and to leave behind him a fine impression for the Society and its work.

THE LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA, which has just adjourned, showed its high appreciation of our Society by voting us the continuation of our office on Library floor of the State Capitol, when, in order to make more room for the State Library, the offices of the Adjutant-General, Superintendent of Public Instruction and the Superintendent of Public Printing were vacated, and these officers directed to rent quarters elsewhere in the city. The Society is also mentioned in the bill for a new Library building, and provided for along with the State Library. This bill was not fully perfected before the adjournment of the Legislature; but a bill *was* passed to sell certain State property and hold the proceeds for a new Library building, and there is no doubt that at the next meeting of the Legislature the necessary appropriation will be made, plans adopted, and the work put under contract.

We think we can say safely to our friends in other States that old Virginia (which for ten years has provided us with a domicile) will give the Southern Historical Society *permanent fire-proof quarters*, and whatever you may give will go into our *Permanent Endowment Fund*. We beg our friends to hurry up their subscriptions to our endowment.

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION AT ONCE, if you would do us a kindness, and help on our good cause. We *need* every cent of the somewhat large amount now due us, and we beg our friends *not to put us to the expense of sending either agents or circular duns after them, but to remit without delay.*

Literary Notices.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY. By Rev THEODORE GERRISH, Private in the Army of the Potomac, author of "Reminiscences of the War," and Rev. JOHN S. HUTCHINSON, Private in the Army of Northern Virginia. Bangor, Me : Brady, Mace & Co. 1884.

We have received from the publishers (through their agent, Captain James G. Read, corner Fifth and Clay streets, Richmond) a copy of this well gotten-up book. The preface avows as the objects of the book to give a full and impartial history of the campaigns of these two grand armies, showing the relative forces engaged, &c., to preserve the incidents, reminiscences and amusing anecdotes of the private soldiers of both, and to show the fraternal feelings which now exists between the soldiers of these once fiercely opposing armies.

There are very pleasant introductory letters from Colonel Augustus C. Hamlin, of Maine, and General Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia.

Not having yet found time to read the book carefully, as we propose doing, we are not yet prepared to say how far these gentlemen have been able to carry out their plan. But a casual dipping into it suffices to show that it is written in very pleasant style and in admirable spirit; that some of its descriptions are very vivid and life-like; and that it is a valuable contribution to an *inside* view of the life of the private soldier in both armies. We do not hesitate to advise our friends to buy the book, and we predict for it a wide sale.

As the authors cite SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS as among the authorities they have consulted, it may not be gracious in us to say so, yet we feel impelled to add that military critics will not be impressed with their citation of either *Lossing* or *Pollard* as authority on *any* mooted point. After we have studied the book we propose to give, in a full review, our impressions of this first attempt to blend in authorship "The Blue and the Gray." Meantime we wish our friends and brothers—the authors—every success in their venture.

ANECDOTES OF THE CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES. By Brevet Major-General E. D. TOWNSEND, late Adjutant-General United States Army (retired). New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1884

This is a very entertaining book, well written by one who was in position to see and hear many things of absorbing interest, and gotten up in the style for which the Appletons are famous.

But it would take much stronger testimony than General Townsend has adduced to convince us of the authenticity of the interview he reports between General Lee and General Scott, and General Lee and General Thomas. Nor are we satisfied that E. M. Stanton was a saint. But we will recur to these and some other matters again.